

The Bright Young Woman

explicating to me, whatever,
doesn't fathom

shadowing by mad-
women in attics, or

flounces who fracture hearts
weekly, not recalling names.

Others screaming neuroses out
of cramps or myriad other physical
pains. Or none. At any rate,

my bright young woman, laughing,
walks away now, and I am satisfied

that she'll go crazy necessarily,
with history as a guide.